

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Sunday school prayer-meeting, Sabbath, at 7 p. m. Weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7:45 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Edw. L. S. Morris, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:45 p. m. People's meeting, Tuesday evening at 7:45 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. Albert Mann, Jr., Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:45 p. m. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—First Street, corner Franklin. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal).—Liberty street. Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock. Second service, 7:30 p. m. except first Sunday in month, when it is at 3:45 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

HOLY CHURCH.—Sunday school every Sabbath at 3:30 p. m. John G. Broughton, Superintendent.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First Mass, 8:30 a. m. High Mass, 10:30 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 p. m. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATSONIAN M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. K. Egbert, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 p. m. Children's class for religious instruction Saturday at 3 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watsonian). Rev. James P. Fancome, Rector. Service, Sunday 10:45 a. m., 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Seats free. All are invited.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Essler, Pastor. Hours of service, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, at 7:45.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath service 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 p. m. Mr. Herbert Smith, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH (Bloomfield Ave.).—Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m., Rev. Mr. Furr. Sabbath school 3 p. m. Rev. Mr. Furr. Supr. Preaching 7:30 p. m., Rev. J. H. Cooley.

LEMPETE DE L'AME.

Chill blow the winds around the world,
Low moans the tempest at the door,
The night is dark and the dead leaf falls,
And memory sits and calls and calls—
The fair form comes no more!
Low burn the embers in the grate,
The shadows deepen in the room,
The lamp-light flickers on the walls,
And memory sits and calls and calls—
The fierce hug hugs the tomb!
Low calls the voices of the storm!
The tempest of the heart replies.
Upon the roof the rain drop falls,
And memory sits and calls and calls—
The old love, bleeding lies!

The whitening passes in the night!
At morn the sun again shall rise;
Then hark! for the gay and gilded halls
And hark! for the heart that calls and calls—
For bright are my new love's eyes.
—A. B. Perkins.

The First One Cent Daily Paper.
It is not generally known that Horace Greeley edited the first one-cent daily newspaper ever published in this or any other country. It was sold at one cent and was near the close of its brief career, though its owner, Dr. Horace D. Shepard, was very desirous it should be put at that price from the start. Shepard got his idea from the rapidly which he had noticed that anything and everything that cost only one cent was sold in Chatham street fifty odd years ago. He had very little money; but he was so confident of success, if the thing was once begun, that he went to The Spirit of the Times office, where Greeley was then a young compositor, and asked him to be its editor. The clever typesetter declared that 2 cents was the lowest rate that would sustain a daily paper, and he supported his statements with so many solid reasons that The Morning Post appeared January, 1845, at the figure named. The bantling had a deal of ill-luck; but still sold several hundred copies daily. On the third day of the third week it received its quietus, having been put off several days at 1 cent. The demand was so much larger that the owner believed that, if it had been sold at that price from the beginning, it would have prospered.

Francis V. Story, who was Greeley's partner, read the doctor a very severe lecture on the madness of his scheme. In deed, everybody made the "I told you so" comment except Greeley, who tried to comfort Shepard, telling him not to mind what Story said. Nine months after the Sun was issued for 1 cent, and, as everybody knows made a fortune. The doctor is said to have planted the seed which produced that financial fruit. He had explained his plan to a printer, who repeated it to the proprietors of the New York Commercial Gazette.

He Regretted to Announce It.
A comic incident is related of an eminent English nobleman who was presiding at a press dinner. He concluded his feeble remarks by proposing the "health of Gutenberg." Some one pulled his coat-tails and whispered that he was dead. "I regret," continued the nobleman, "that intelligence has just been received that Gutenberg is dead."—The Argonaut.

One Thing He Didn't Like.
Little 3-year-old Harry Johnson exclaimed, as he was looking at his pretty sister, "Mamma, I don't like to look at Daisy's eyes."
"Why, Harry—why not?" asked his mamma.
"Well, mamma, I don't like the way the blinds are hung—Harper's Bazar.

A Remedy Against Snowdrifts.
I. Horner, the mulberry tree enthusiast, has submitted to the Santa Fe execution a scheme which, if put in execution, will beyond a doubt, prove a successful remedial agent against the drifting of snow upon the railroad track. The plan is to line the road with groves of the thrifty growing Russian mulberry.—Chicago Herald.

When You Are Out of Money.
When you haven't any money, never mind. That is philosophy. Hustle around and earn some. That is common sense.—Philadelphia Call.

The Military Force of Europe.
If the military force of all Europe were drawn up in line, the distance from right to left would be 9,000 miles, as the force would consist of 9,000,000 of soldiers. The relieving officer would require an express train for several days to go from one end of the line to the other.—Exchange.

LITERARY NOTES.

—At the opening of the winter session of the Workingmen's College in London Sir John Lubbock said that of all the privileges he engaged in this nineteenth century there was none perhaps more to which he ought to be more grateful than for the easier access to books. He proceeded: "I have often wished some one would recommend a hundred good books. In the absence of such lists I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasures of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. At the head of all non-Christian moralists I must place the 'Meditations' of Marcus Aurelius, certainly one of the noblest books in the whole of literature, so short, moreover, so accessible, and so well translated that it is always a source of wonder to me that it is so little read. The 'Analects' of Confucius will, I think, prove disappointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The 'Ethics' of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality.

—The Koran will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellowmen. I doubt whether, in any other respect, it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

—The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by Wake. Of the later Fathers I have included only 'The Confessions of St. Augustine,' which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the 'Library of the Fathers,' and, as he observes, has been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved, though Luther was of the opinion that he wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith. But then he was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, writes, alas! very coldly. Chrysostom digresses from the chief points; St. Jerome is very poor; and, in fact, Luther says, the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself repelled. Among other recommended are Thomas a Kempis' 'Imitation of Christ,' Pascal's 'Pensees,' Spinoza's 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus,' Butler's 'Analogy of Religion,' Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' Keble's beautiful 'Christian Year,' and last, not least, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

—Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The 'Politics' of Aristotle, and some, at any rate, of Plato's 'Dialogues,' perhaps the 'Phaedo' and the 'Republic,' will be, of course, read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether they repay the minute and laborious study often devoted to them. Aristotle being the father, if not the creator, of the modern scientific method, it has followed naturally, indeed almost inevitably, that his principles have become part of our intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident; while his actual observations, though very remarkable, as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower, still have been superseded by others carried on under more favorable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master because his own lessons have taught us how to advance. Plato, on the other hand—I say so with all respect—seems to me in some measure to play on words; very able, very philosophical, often very noble, but not conclusive, his arguments, in language, differently constructed, might tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the dialogues of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems which inspire them must command our admiration. I would also mention Esop's Fables, Demosthenes' 'De Corona,' which Lord Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; 'Lucretius,' Plutarch's 'Lives,' Horace, and, at least, the 'Offices, Friendship, and Old Age' of Cicero.

—The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few comparatively ever read the Iliad or Odyssey, Hesiod, or Virgil, after leaving school. The Niebelungenlied, or great Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with no such 'live' women in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' though I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others. I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the Mahabharata and Ramayana (too long, probably, to be read through, but of which Talboys Wheeler has given a most interesting summary in the first two volumes of his 'History of India'), the 'Shahnameh,' the work of the great Persian poet Firdusi (of which there is a good translation by Atkinson), and the 'Sheking,' the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Among the Greek tragedians, Eschylus, perhaps 'Prometheus,' and the Trilogy (Mark Pattison considered 'Agamemnon' the grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature), or, as Mr. Grant Duff recommends the 'Persae,' Sophocles' ('Edipus'), Euripides ('Medea') and Aristophanes ('The Knights'), though I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

—In history we are beginning to feel that the vicissitudes of kings and queens, the dates of battle and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law; and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than a his-

torical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the 'Anabasis'), Thucydides, and Tacitus ('Germania'), and of modern historians Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' Voltaire's 'Charles XII,' or 'Louis XIV,' Hume's 'History of England,' and Grote's 'History of Greece,' because with reference to others I find no general consensus of opinion, and so much must depend on the point from which the selection is made. Science is so rapidly progressive that though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will, therefore, only mention Bacon's 'Novum Organum,' Mill's 'Logic and Political Economy,' Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and parts of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' as probably those who do not intend to make a study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

—Among voyages and travels, perhaps, the most frequently suggested are Cook's 'Voyages' and Darwin's 'Naturalist on the Beagle.' Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Spenser, Scott, Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's selection), Pope, Southey, Longfellow, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

—Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels,' Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Arabian Nights,' 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' Burke's 'Select Works,' the 'Essays' of Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay and Emerson; the plays of Moliere and Sheridan, Carlyle's 'Past and Present,' and 'French Revolution,' and Goethe's 'Faust' and 'Wilhelm Meister.' Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's 'Human Knowledge,' Descartes' 'Discours sur La Methode,' Locke's 'Conduct of the Understanding,' Lewes' 'History of Philosophy' while, to keep within the number of one hundred, I can only mention the dramatists Moliere and Sheridan; and, among novelists, Marivaux's 'La Vie de Marianne,' which Macaulay considered to be the best novel in any language, selections from 'Thackeray,' Dickens, Kingsley, and last, not least those of Scott, which are, indeed, a library in themselves.

—To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections and peaceful home hours after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends, who never weary, betray or forsake us.

—To enumerate omissions from this list would be easy but futile. One is clearly a mere oversight; Sir John Lubbock cannot have rejected 'Don Quixote' out of malice prepense. On the other hand, the exclusion of Chaucer from the poets, and of Lamb from the essayists, is scarcely to be excused when Hume and Southey find a place. And surely Benvenuto Cellini, 'Gil Blas,' and 'Tom Jones' might have found niches in the temple, even if it had been necessary to expel Confucius and the Apostolic Fathers, and the 'Ramayana.' Such criticisms as these, however, might be prolonged to infinity without much profit. It is more important to inquire whether it is really judicious to place before working men, or any men whatever, such a vast and heterogeneous course of study as a thing possible or even desirable. Altogether apart from the question of time (science having not yet appreciably extended the traditional three score years and ten), it is certain that the digestion which could by any means assimilate such an incongruous mass (we had almost said mess) of intellectual provender is not given to one man in a thousand. It was for a philosopher of three centuries ago to take all knowledge for his province. The known literature of the world could then have been collected within the four walls of his study. Now, not even a German professor could hope to expatiate in one short lifetime over the whole field of literature, not to mention science. Should not our literary guides enforce the necessity of temperance in reading rather than invite to indiscriminate debauches? In these days, to read systematically is to the ordinary man of much more importance than to read widely. Our knowledge should be an organism, not an agglomeration, else it is scarcely knowledge. Apart from mere literature of pastime—"desultory reading,"—anyone who does not pretend to an absolutely encyclopedic intellect should surely be recommended to select some one field of knowledge (or two or three if he be ambitious) and seek not merely to overrun it but to conquer it. The man who follows Sir John Lubbock's course, and beginning with Confucius, dips into all the literature and all the philosophies till he arrives at Bulwer Lytton, will be a "rare bird" indeed if he does not emerge from the ordeal a consummate prig. He will be the Cook's tourist of literature—"personally conducted" by Sir John Lubbock—who imagines that he has seen Rome because he has been driven in a drag to St. Peter's and the Colosseum and the Pincio. A railway ride through human culture, with ten minutes' stoppage at all the principal stations, is not what the judicious guide, philosopher, and friend will recommend to workmen or to anyone else. The necessity for a "superficial omniscience" is one of the curses of journalism; why should any other class, whether of workmen or idlers, wantonly place themselves under the curse?—The Bookman.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

(Corrected to date.)

Del., Lack. & Western Railroad.

LEAVE BLOOMFIELD FOR NEW YORK:

(Glenwood Avenue Station.)

6:08, 7:19, 7:56, 8:32, 9:19, 10:39, 11:39

A. M. 12:46, 1:45, 3:35, 4:44, 5:29,

6:15, 6:59, 8:20, 9:45, 11:10, P. M.,

12:39 A. M.

NOTE.—Leave Glen Ridge 3 minutes earlier, Waterbury 2 minutes later than time given above.

LEAVE NEW YORK FOR BLOOMFIELD:

(Barclay St. Ferry.)

6:30, 7:20, 8:10, 9:30, 10:30, 11:20 A. M.

12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:20, 4:50, 5:30,

6:20, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30 P. M.

*Does not stop at Newark.

Leave Christopher St. 5 minutes later.

LEAVE NEW YORK FOR BLOOMFIELD:

(Station on Belleville Avenue.)

5:38, 7:06, 7:59, 8:45, 10:56, A. M. 1:38,

3:51, 4:54, 7:14 P. M. Saturday only, 10:08

P. M. On Sunday: 8:08 A. M. 5:32 P. M.

LEAVE NEW YORK, FOOT OF CHAMBERS ST.:

6:00, 8:50, 12:00, P. M. 3:40, 4:40, 5:40,

6:20, 8:00 P. M. Saturday only, 12:00 P. M.

Sunday Trains: 8:45 A. M. 6:45 P. M.

Sunday Tr., by Orange Branch, 1:30 5:45

6:45 9:15 P. M., stop on Signal.

Connecting Boats leave TWENTY-THIRD ST. FERRY 15 minutes earlier than time given for Chambers St.

ORANGE BRANCH TO NEW YORK:

(Stops on Signal, Bloomfield Av. Crossing)

5:38 7:06 7:59 8:45 10:56 A. M. 1:38

4:53 6:49 7:55 Sunday Special, 10:10

A. M.; 5:10 7:40 P. M.

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